

*THE
INEVITABLE
AND
OTHER POEMS



Sarah R. Bobbott

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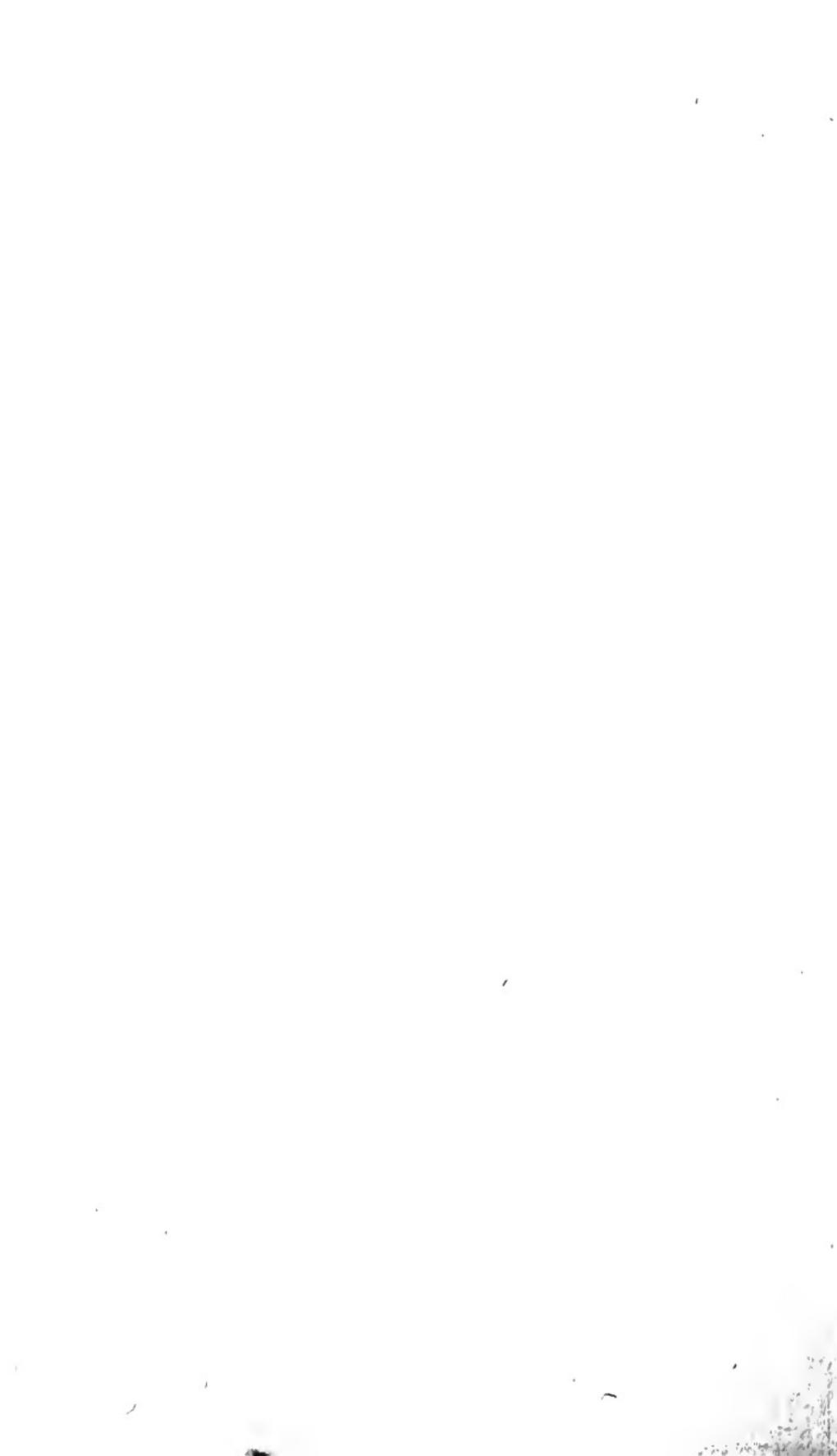
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AND OTHER POEMS

BY

SARAH KNOWLES BOLTON

Author of "Social Studies in England" "Stories from Life"
"From Heart and Nature" (poems) "Famous Types
of Womanhood" "Famous Voyages and
Explorers" "Famous Leaders among
Men" etc. etc.

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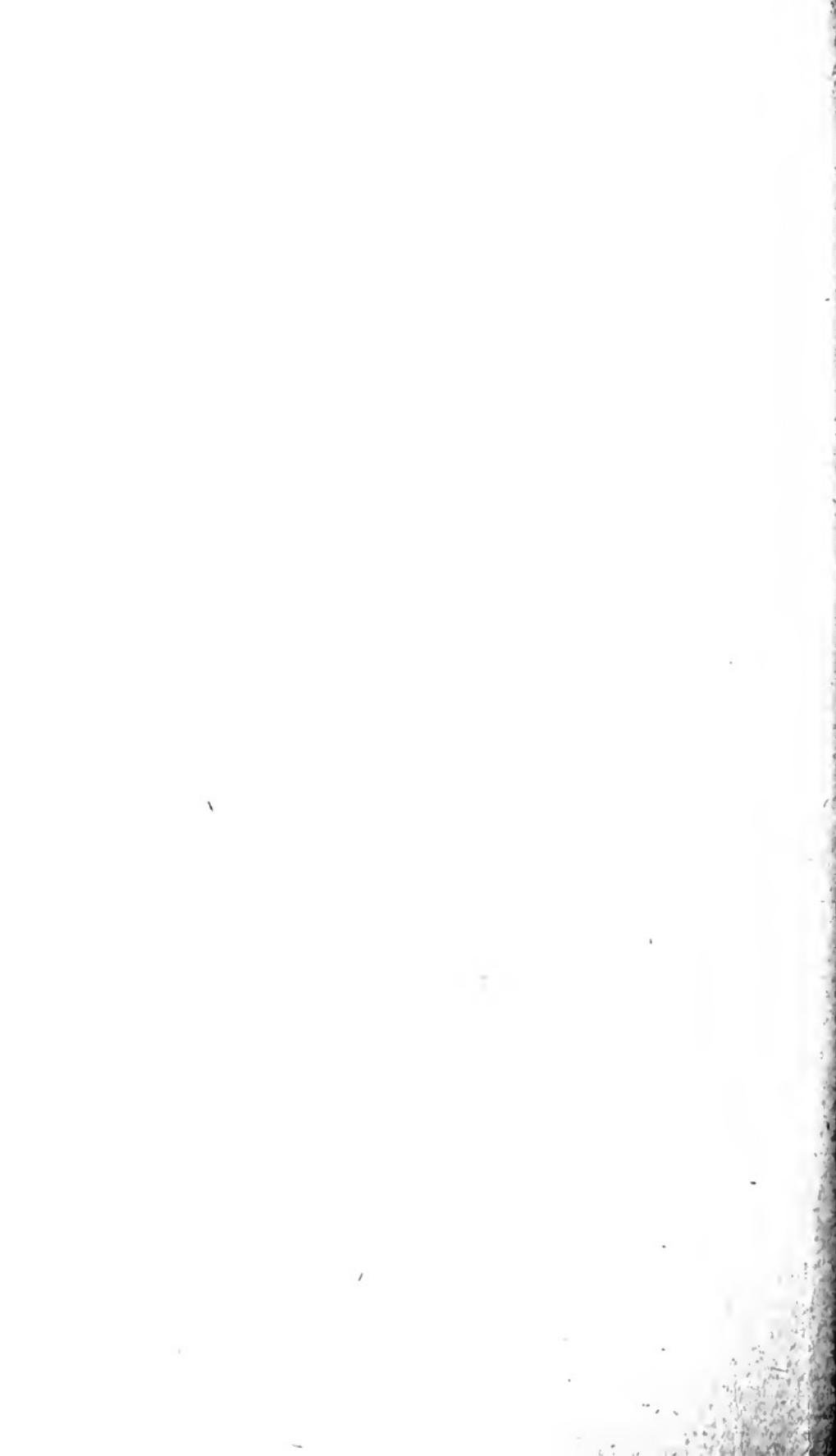
Rockwell and Churchill
BOSTON

TO THE MEMORY OF TWO NOBLE WOMEN

Martha Webster Miller

AND

Marilla Sophia Bolton

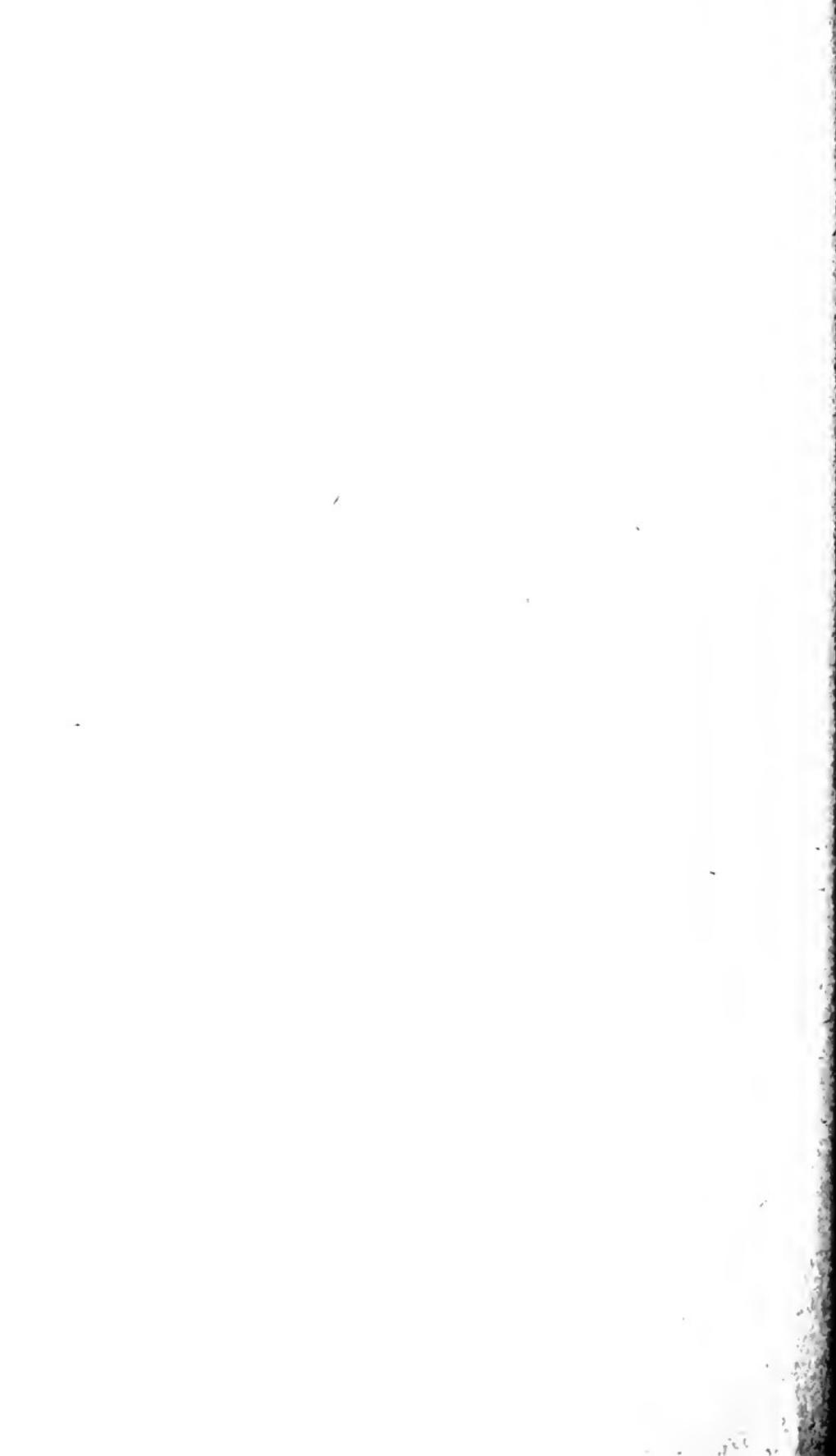


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P O E M S.



THE INEVITABLE.

—

I LIKE the man who faces what he must,
With step triumphant and a heart of
cheer ;
Who fights the daily battle without fear ;
Sees his hopes fail, yet keeps unfaltering
trust
That God is God ; that somehow, true and
just
His plans work out for mortals ; not a
tear
Is shed when fortune, which the world
holds dear,

Falls from his grasp : better, with love, a
crust
Than living in dishonor ; envies not,
Nor loses faith in man ; but does his
best,
Nor ever murmurs at his humbler lot,
But, with a smile and words of hope,
gives zest
To every toiler : he alone is great,
Who by a life heroic conquers fate.

TENNYSON.

At dead of night,
By full moonlight,
A stately ship sailed out to sea,
From surge and tempest free.

She carried out,
From pain and doubt,
A soul as grand as earth has known,
To meet its own.

He lingered long
To bless with song
Nations that, yet unborn, shall praise
The beauty of his lays.

He lived and loved,
And, dying, proved
How greater than his finished line
Is man : well-nigh divine.

He walks no more
By wood or shore,
Along the dunes of Farringford :
He tarries with his Lord.

THE MOONLIGHT.

WHAT is the moonlight to me ?

An infinite rest ;

The subtle and sweet melody

Of song unexpressed.

What is the moonlight to me ?

The peace of a river :

Companionship of a sea

That surges forever.

What is the moonlight to me ?

Satisfaction completest ;

A precious and dear memory

Of all that is sweetest.

What is the moonlight to me ?

A tryst and a union ;

A promise for futurity ;

A soulful communion.

WHAT IS BEYOND ?

THE blue sky and the blue lake
Meet together
In sunny weather,
But what, oh ! what is beyond ?
I know this side the horizon line,
With its purple hillsides, broad and fine;
But the country beyond—has it lakes like
ours,
And trees of grandeur, and fruits and
flowers ?
What, oh ! what is beyond ?

The gray sky and the gray lake
Meet together
In sombre weather,
But what, oh ! what is beyond ?

I know these homes, with their loves and
woes,

Their buried hopes from which patience
grows;

Are these broken affections united there ?
Will fruition come to their hope and
prayer ?

What, oh ! what is beyond ?

The black sky and the black lake

Meet together

In stormy weather,

But what, oh ! what is beyond ?

I know the currents that thrill the earth,
And flash the sky at the thunder's birth ;
But what of the circuit far souls between,
And the central power in the Great

Unseen ?

What, oh ! what is beyond ?

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

'THE great trees murmur at the midnight
hour,
The birds in silence wait ;
A soul is passing to the Fount of Power .
Elmwood is desolate.

Lover of nature, lover of his race,
Learned and true and strong ;
Using for others with surpassing grace
The matchless gift of song.

When clouds hung darkest in our day of
pain
He prophesied the light ;
He looked adown the ages for the reign
Of Brotherhood and Right.

Proud of his country, helping to unbind
The fetters of the slave ;
Two worlds their wreaths of honor have
entwined
Abont an open grave.

Great in his simple love of flower and bird,
Great in the statesman's art ;
He has been greatest in his lifting word
To every human heart.

He lived the lesson which Sir Launfal
guessed
Through wandering far and wide ;
The giver must be given in the quest—
He gave himself and died.

A CONTRAST.

Two men toiled side by side from sun to
sun,

And both were poor ;

Both sat with children, when the day was
done,

About their door.

One saw the beautiful in crimson cloud
And shining moon ;

The other, with his head in sadness bowed,
Made night of noon.

One loved each tree and flower and singing
bird

On mount or plain ;

No music in the soul of one was stirred
By leaf or rain.

One saw the good in every fellow-man,
And hoped the best ;
The other marvelled at his Master's plan,
And doubt confessed.

One, having heaven above and heaven
below,
Was satisfied ;
The other, discontented, lived in woe,
And hopeless died.

A QUEEN'S UNDYING LOVE.

JOANNA, daughter of the noble queen
Whom all Castilians worshipped, whose
white hand
Sent out Columbus on his glorious quest,
Had married Philip, of the Austrian court,
Gay, brilliant, handsome, with no heart of
love
For her who reigned beside him.

Like a child,
Who, in its helpless fondness, clings and
loves
Even the hand that strikes it, so the queen
Knelt to her idol; sought by voice and eye
To know his every wish; thought night
and day
Upon her hopeless love and loved the more.

When Philip journeyed into other lands,
And welcomed beauty from a thousand
eyes,

Joanna's face grew pale with agony,
And never brightened till she followed him,
And stood beside her faithless, recreant
king.

Broken in heart, for her long-suffering
child,

Queen Isabella died, and Ferdinand
Wept, with the world, for her who well
deserved

The homage of her race.

Then Philip, glad,
In youthful pride, sat on Castilian throne,
Sad-faced Joanna silent at his feet.

In three short years the tragedy was
closed;

Philip, at twenty-eight, lay white in death.

Joanna thought not of her crown or child;
Like a fond mother whose intensest love
Centres in one who passes from her sight
Unmindful of her prayers and bitter tears,
So the young queen cared only for the lost.
Like one benumbed she gazed upon his
face;
Shed not a tear while coffin-lid was closed,
And he, the only precious thing on earth,
Was borne away forever. Ah! not so;
For she had read how once a famous king
Had come to life through love's all-potent
charm;
And Philip should come back, and death
give way
Before her homage.

To her queenly bed
She brought the buried king, so pale and
cold.

Should not love warm him, make his heart's
blood flow ?

Should not her eyes, by some unconscious
power,

Unclose the eyelids she had often kissed ?

With jealous care she bent above her dead,
Allowing none to touch the hallowed form.
Days passed, and weeks, but Philip an-
swered not.

A little child was born beside the dead ;
His baby Catharine, but he did not see.
Joanna waited, with a pallid face,
Till, finally, as a lamb in wind and sleet,
Lost from the flock, lies down to wait the
end,

So, covering her dead from mortal view,
She sadly waited till her life should close.
Years came and went, till half a century
Had made the girlish queen gray-haired
and old ;

The precious coffin never left her side ;
The dead was Philip still, her best beloved.
With her great son, the Emperor Charles
the Fifth,
She ruled the Spaniards, loyal to their
queen.
They pitied, while they loved and rever-
enced,
The wife and yet the sovereign ; proud at
heart
That Spain could show a woman's death-
less love.

THE BATTLE OF CUZZOLA.

WITH pennons flying, and with trumpets' blare,

And noise of pipes, Venetian galleys swept
Into the Adriatic, Dandolo,
In stately flagship leading; Genoa,
Proud, hating Venice, eager for the fight,
Was ready when the Sunday sun should dawn,

To meet the foe; on came the brilliant fleet,

The morning sun bathing them all in gold,
Hurling their crossbows at the Genoese;
And back came showers of arrows, iron,
fire-tipped,

To blaze among the rigging, and quick-lime
To blind their eyes as though a dagger's
point

Had pierced them ; but so furious the at-
tack

That ten brave galleys of the Genoese,
All red with gore, were captured.

Doria,

The friend of Genoa, famed in peace and war,
Stood watching the dread conflict, sick at
heart,

That Italy's best blood was spilled in vain.

At the forecastle stood his eldest son,

Octavian, worthy of his noble line,

Fearless and foremost in the rain of spears ;

When lo ! an arrow entered the young
heart,

And, horror-stricken, every face grew pale.

What need to battle longer with the foe ?

But Lamba Doria sprang across the ship,
And raised the dead young soldier to his
breast,
Still warm beneath his armor: "Ah! my
son,
If thou hadst died at home thou couldst
not have
A burial place more splendid than the sea;"
And pressing close the one he idolized,
He cast the body to the seething waves,
And saw it sink forever.

Then he bade
His weeping comrades seize their spears
again,
And fight the braver for Octavian's death.
Woe turned to fierceness, and with wildest
zeal,
And recking not whether they lived or
died,
They slew Venetians till the sun went down.

Seven thousand men were captured and in
chains ;

Venice was humbled ; one, in proud despair,
Her leader, Dandolo, refused to live,
And ended his existence ; Genoa gave
A noble burial to her valiant foe.

The battle of Cuzzola conquered peace
Between the two Republics ; many gifts
Of palaces and honors for his line
Were given Lamba Doria, but *his* gift,
With love of country burning in his heart,
Exceeded all his state could offer him :
The life of his beloved Octavian.

THE LADY KUKACHIN.

(Year 1291.)

SAD and lonely was Arghun Khan
For the loss of Khatun Bulughan,

His best beloved, who, dying, left
A tender message for him bereft,

That one of her blood should fill her place,
Pure and fair from the Mongul race.

So he sent his courtiers among her kin,
And they chose the Lady Kukachin,

Gentle, yet able, though scarce seventeen,
Fit to rule as the Persian Queen.

.

Thirteen ships and eight hundred men
Sailed from a port in Fokien,

Bearing the bride that was to be;
For two long years, in the Indian sea,

Stopped sometimes by the deadly breath
Of the hot monsoon, they sailed, till death

Had spared but eight of the valiant throng
Who started gayly, with hope and song.

Arghun Khan had passed away
Before his bride had left Cathay:

His brother reigned, and his son Ghazan
Guarded the passes of Khorassan,

With sixty thousand of Persia's pride;
Thither they brought the fair young bride.

He was learned and noble, and fit to win
The hand of the Lady Kukachin;

So with music and dancing she wed
Ghazan,
Instead of the gray-haired Arghun Khan.

For two brief years did the sweet girl-wife
Brighten the courtly Persian life;

But when June roses began to fade,
A royal and costly tomb was made,

And with breaking hearts they laid therein
The beautiful Lady Kukachin.

GIORGIONE.

LONG years ago, when Venice ruled the sea,
Two youths together lived, and worshipped
art,

Titian and Giorgione ; both had learned
The mastery of color, and one sang
Upon the lute the songs his poet-soul
Wrought out in measure, sad, intense, and
strong,

Like his own shadowed life.

Both painters loved,
And grew diviner by the power which love
Alone can give ; sweet Violante's face
Lives in the Sleeping Venus through all
time,

And Giorgione made Cecilia queen,
And gave her homage, fervent, true, and
deep.

Without her, life was naught, and with
her, all.

Work was but pleasure if she gave it
praise;

And night was day if brightened by her
smile.

.

Morta da Feltri, from his Roman home,
Came to the young Venetian; was his
friend,

And shared the comforts of his generous
board.

Weeks passed, as day by day, in friend-
ship's guise,

Morta sought entrance to Cecilia's heart.

He too had found the idol of his dreams;

He too had seen the counterpart of soul
That makes or mars forever ; so he took
From Giorgione's roof the one bright thing
That was his life.

The painter's lips grew still ;
His hands refused to work, the power was
gone ;
Despair made havoc with the youthful
brain ;
Death came, and Titian stood alone in art.
Venice was bowed with grief, and Morta
fled,
To die alone on Zara's battle-field.
What of Cecilia, she who wrecked two
lives ?
Three centuries are silent of her fate.

HENRY HUDSON.

(Summer of 1611.)

At daybreak, on the frozen Hudson's Bay,
Shut in from mortal view,
The ship "Discovery" at anchor lay,
With her disheartened crew.

All winter long, starvation at the feast
Had been a constant guest ;
The northwest passage to the favored
East
Seemed like an idle quest.

They murmured at their leader, brought
to feed
The fishes of the deep ;
And murmuring grew to hatred : they
decreed
He in their stead should sleep

In the cold waters which his name should
bear —
His monument and grave ;
They seized and bound him in their mad
despair,
And none was near to save.

Into the shallop Henry Hudson stepped,
His darling son beside ;
And six poor wasted seamen near him
crept,
To stem that frozen tide.

The dawn was breaking on that ice-clad
world,
When drifted out to sea,
The sport of icebergs, by the currents
whirled,
That starving company.

What was the end ? Who lingered last
of all
In that lone voyage of death ?
Who in delirium would faintly call,
With his expiring breath,

For wife and mother on the English
shore ?
Who strain his glazing eyes
In hope of succor that could come no
more ?
Then prays and faints and dies.

Their noble leader gone, the murderous
crew

Set sail for native land;
For months they wandered, growing
gaunt and few
From want and savage hand.

At last, too weak to steer, their vessel ran
Into an Irish bay;
Each one, unwelcome to his fellow-man,
Dishonored, passed away.

And when the ship “Discovery” was sent
To learn of Hudson’s fate,
Only the icebergs heard the sad lament
Of friends who came too late.

LEAVING ST. PETERSBURG.

UNFURL the sails, put out to sea,
Farewell to fleet and gilded dome ;
Fair Petersburg, as queenly she,
And proud, as ancient Rome.

Built on the wave by Peter's hands,
With lives he counted naught ;
His monument to-day she stands,
His best and grandest thought.

Weighted by rule of Church and State,
Yet in her infancy ;
A century shall make her great,
Her press and people free.

Railways shall open to the light
Her jewels rich and old,
Her marble and her malachite,
Her silver and her gold.

Open your doors to every name,
O, mighty Russian throne !
That land is greatest which can claim
The world's best blood its own.

EASTER HYMN.

Tune — “Jerusalem, the Golden.”

O GLORIOUS Easter morning !
O day of peace and light !
One precious name adorning
With lilies pure and white.
A gladsome message bringing
Of love that knows no fear ;
The sweetest anthem singing,
“The risen Christ is here.”

He comes with gifts of healing
For wounded hearts that moan ;
A sunlit path revealing,
A world with pain unknown.
He comes with life eternal,
With hope, and joy, and peace ;

O happiness supernal,
When want and woe shall cease !

He gave His life for others,
Alike for you and me ;
He counts us as His brothers,
All one, nor bond nor free.
The bands of sin are broken ;
The poor and the oppressed
Hear the sweet gospel spoken,
“Come unto me and rest.”

O glorious Easter morning !
O day of peace and light !
One precious name adorning
With lilies pure and white.
A gladsome message bringing
Of love that knows no fear ;
The sweetest anthem singing,
“The risen Christ is here.”

HER CREEED.

SHE stood before a chosen few,
With modest air and eyes of blue ;
A gentle creature, in whose face
Were mingled tenderness and grace.

“ You wish to join our fold,” they said ;
“ Do you believe in all that’s read
From ritual and written creed,
Essential to our human need ? ”

A troubled look was in her eyes ;
She answered, as in vague surprise,
As though the sense to her were dim :
“ I only strive to follow Him.”

They knew her life ; how oft she stood,
Pure in her guileless maidenhood,
By dying bed, in hovel lone,
Whose sorrow she had made her own.

Oft had her voice in prayer been heard,
Sweet as the note of any bird ;
Her hand been open in distress ;
Her joy to brighten and to bless.

Yet still she answered, when they sought
To know her inmost earnest thought,
With look as of the seraphim,
“ I only strive to follow Him.”

THE UNFINISHED STOCKING.

LAY it aside — her work — no more she
sits

By open window in the western sun,
Thinking of this and that beloved one
In silence as she knits.

Lay it aside ; the needles in their place ;
No more she welcomes at the cottage
door
The coming of her children home once
more,

With sweet and tearful face.

Lay it aside ; her work is done, and well ;
A generous, sympathetic, Christian life ;
A faithful mother and a noble wife ;
Her influence who can tell ?

Lay it aside;— say not her work is done;
No deed of love or goodness ever dies,
But in the lives of others multiplies:
Say it is just begun !

THE TIDE IS IN.

THE boats lay stranded on the beach,
Tangled with seaweed, dank and green ;
A desolate and dreary scene,
Far as the eye could reach ;
The tide was out.

How changed the view when day was done ;
The boats rode gayly on the deep,
Their white sails nodding as in sleep,
Kissed by the setting sun ;
The tide was in.

Thus many a life, in want or woe,
Lies stranded on a barren shore ;
But God is God forevermore ;
Take courage, for we know
The tide comes in.

And lifted from the rocks and shoals,
We sail upon a sunlit sea ;
Night opens on eternity,—
Sweet rest for weary souls,—
The tide is in.

NEVER THE SAME.

NEVER again the same rich purple sunset,

Or golden afterglow ;

Never again the same sweet day of summer

Thy life shall know.

Never again the same rainbowed illusions

That come alone to youth ;

Never perchance such beautiful ideals

Of love and truth.

Never again the same transcendent moment

To lift by kindly word,

Or generous act, or smile, the heart of
mortal

By sorrow stirred.

Never the same inspiring high endeavor
With which the soul is rife;
Never again the same grand wondrous
journey
Which we call Life.

Never the same ecstatic joy of loving
The human or divine:
Then seize the present with each fruitful
moment —
Naught else is thine.

CHANGE.

TO M. L. B.

I WATCHED the crocus, purple, white, and
yellow,

Outbursting in the spring ;
The snowy air grew soft, and sweet, and
mellow,

And birds began to sing.

But soon the crocus faded, and I sorrowed ;
When lo ! the tulips came,
Of brilliant red, and from the sun they
borrowed
Their glowing hearts of flame.

And they, too, passed, but daisies white,
and clover,
Clustered on hill and moor ;

And clematis and roses clambered over
The homes of rich and poor.

“Alas!” I said, “this earth we love and
cherish
Will fade away in space.”
Take courage, heart! we change, but do
not perish,
For heaven will take its place.

THE FUTURE.

I CANNOT know when grass will grow
Above my grave ;
What friend will stand, with empty hand,
And tears to lave
The daisies fair that flourish there —
I love them best ;
I cannot tell if hill or dell
Will give me rest.

I do not pine for marble shrine
Or graven stone,
Or fragrant bowers of costly flowers
By dear ones sown ;
But plant a tree to shelter me,
Of nature's green ;
The mountain-ash, whose berries flash
With ruby sheen.

And come, sometimes, when sunset chimes
Their chorus ring ;
And with the birds your loving words
In concert sing.
And I shall hear the notes of cheer
From worlds above ;
For heaven is nigh to those who die
With hearts of love.

BLESSINGS NEAR AT HAND.

We look too far for blessings ;
We seek too far for joys ;
We ought to be like children
Who find their chiefest toys

Ofttimes in nearest attic,
Or in some dingy lane ;
Their aprons full of weeds or flowers,
Gathered in sun or rain.

Within the plainest cottage
Unselfish love may grow ;
The sweetest, the divinest gift
Which mortals ever know.

We ought to count our joys, not woes ;
Meet care with winsome grace ;
For discontent plows furrows
Upon the loveliest face.

Hope, freedom, sunlight, knowledge,
Come not to wealth alone :
He who looks far for blessings
Will overlook his own.

FAITH.

IF I could feel my hand, dear Lord, in
Thine,

And surely know
That I was walking in the light divine
Through weal or woe;

If I could hear Thy voice in accents sweet
But plainly say,
To guide my groping, wandering feet,
“This is the way,”

I would so gladly walk therein, but now
I cannot see.

Oh, give me, Lord, the faith to humbly bow
And trust in Thee!

There is no *faith* in seeing. Were we led
Like children here,
And lifted over rock and river-bed,
No care, no fear,

We should be useless in the busy throng,
Life's work undone ;
Lord, make us brave and earnest, true and
strong,
Till heaven is won.

FROM LIFE.

THE rich man sat in his costly store,
After the work of the day was done,
Thinking and planning with eager heart
How could more gold be won.

Twilight softened the city's din,
Lessened the crowds along the street,
Shaded the face of a pale young girl,
Who passed with hurrying feet.

A timid knock at the merchant's door :
“Come in !” with a cold, ill-natured
grace.
“I read that you needed help,” she said,
“And could I fill the place ?”

“ You seem too young, and your hands too white ;

You have worked before to-day, you said.

Has your life been right and free from stain ?

No sin upon your head ? ”

“ I am well and strong for my every task,
You shall find me honest, and just, and true ;

The past is buried with me, and God ;
And can I serve for you ? ”

“ A woman must be above reproach,
No matter what she has power to be ! ”

And he turned the door on the trembling
girl

Into that human sea.

• • • • •

The years went by, and the merchant's
child,

Grown to womanhood fair and sweet,
Trusted and nursed with her virgin soul
A viper at her feet.

The rich man, broken in heart and home,
Thought of the girl he had turned away:
"I would she might come again," he said,
"For my heart is kind to-day!"

BROKEN MEASURES.

Boy and girl they played together,
Pure and shy of speech :
She as fair as purple heather
Bending in the summer weather
Far as sight can reach.

Like an angel to his vision
Seemed the maiden's face ;
Then he walked in fields elysian,
Thinking in a sweet revision
Of each word and grace.

Worship is not always spoken ;
Love is often dumb ;
And the days gave her no token
That his young heart would be broken
Should another come.

• • • • •

Vows were said for woe or weal
On a glad spring morn :
Joy that was complete and real —
Sorrow for a lost ideal —
In two hearts were born.

Like the crescent moon she lighted
Up one lonely way ;
Like the sun her rays delighted
One — the other's path was blighted
Like a sunless day.

Life is full of broken measures,
Objects unattained ;
Sorrows intertwined with pleasures,
Losses of our costliest treasures,
Ere the heights be gained.

Every soul has aspiration
Still unsatisfied ;

Memories that wake vibration
Of the heart in quick pulsation,
At the gifts denied.

We are better for the longing,
Stronger for the pain ;
Souls at ease are nature wronging ;
Through the *harrowed* soil come thronging
Seeds, in sun and rain !

Broken measures find completeness
In the perfect whole ;
Life is but a day in fleetness —
Richer in all strength and sweetness
Grows the striving soul.

THE NEW ERA.

IT is coming! it is coming! The day is
just a-dawning

When man shall be to fellow-man a
helper and a brother;

When the mansion, with its gilded hall,
its tower and arch and awning,

Shall be to hovel desolate a kind and
foster-mother.

When the men who work for wages shall
not toil from morn till even,

With no vision of the sunlight, nor flow-
ers nor birds a-singing;

When the men who hire the workers, blest
with all the gifts of heaven,

Shall the golden rule remember, its glad
millennium bringing.

The time is coming when the man who
cares not for another
Shall be accounted as a stain upon a fair
creation ;
Who lives to fill his coffers full, his better
self to smother,
As blight and mildew on the fame and
glory of a nation.

The hours are growing shorter for the
millions who are toiling,
And the homes are growing better for
the millions yet to be ;
And the poor shall learn the lesson, how
that waste and sin are spoiling
The fairest and the finest of a grand
humanity.

It is coming! it is coming! and men's
thoughts are growing deeper ;
They are giving of their millions as they
never gave before ;
They are learning the new gospel, man
must be his brother's keeper,
And right, not might, shall triumph, and
the selfish rule no more.

CHESTNUTS.

THREE together in soft, brown nest ;
The prettiest nest that ever was seen :
Shut in a ball of thorny green,

Close and warm are the wee things pressed,
Till by and by in the autumn sun
Four petals open, and one by one

They fall on a cushion of leaves below :
Ah ! who shall tell of their destiny ?
One takes root for a stately tree ;

One squirrels garner before the snow ;
And one is the gift of a bright, young boy
To a blue-eyed maiden, fair and coy :
Each has its place — who shall say
which is best
For three together in soft, brown nest ?

WHEN CHESTNUTS FALL.

We gathered chestnuts, you and I,
Under a blue and cloudless sky ;
The brown leaves rustled to our tread,
The brown burrs opened overhead,
When chestnuts fall.

We lingered long in happy quest ;
The sun swept down the glowing west,
Leaving the soft, pink afterglow
On tower, and tree, and vale below,
When chestnuts fall.

What matter if hands touched that day,
Under the leaves where chestnuts lay ?
What matter if love's story old
By heart and eye anew was told,
When chestnuts fall !

We wondered what the years would bring,
When chestnut burrs were opening
In other autumnus — you and I,
Under some blue and cloudless sky,
When chestnuts fall.

I WONDER.

HE kissed a child along the street—
“How rich and full is life to me !
How fair is every flower and tree !
The song of birds is doubly sweet.

“The sky is bluer overhead ;
My heart grows tender to all men ;”
A smile lit up his face, and then,
“I wonder is this love ?” he said.

She kissed a purple cluster, sweet,
Culled from a rich wistaria vine :
“This is his precious flower, and
mine ;”
And passed along the busy street.

“How warm the sunlight overhead!
I hear soft music in the air,
As though the angels called to prayer;
I wonder is this love?” she said.

A SUNSET WALK.

Do you remember
That sweet September
When sky was golden and sea was blue,
We two together
In love's own weather
Walked at sunset the woodland through ?

The great trees, rifted
With sunlight, lifted
Their sturdy boughs to the upper air ;
Each vista seeming
Like happy dreaming
Of vales in Paradise most fair.

The birds were calling,
And nuts were falling
From squirrels who sprang from limb to
limb,
While over the bridges
And moss-green ridges
We walked together till twilight dim.

No word was spoken
That could betoken
The inner thought of us two that day.
To meet and sever !
Ah ! shall we ever
Walk again in the dear old way ?

BECAUSE I LOVE YOU.

“I CANNOT bring you wealth,” she said ;
“I cannot bring you fame or place
Among the noted of the race ;
But I can love you.

“When trials come to test you, sweet,
I can be sunlight to your feet ;
My kiss your precious lips shall greet,
Because I love you.

“When daylight dies along the west,
You will come home to me for rest,
And I shall sleep upon your breast,
Because I love you.

“If sickness comes, beside your bed
I will bend low with quiet tread,
And pray God’s blessing on your head,
Because I love you.

“As dew clings to the violet,
Making the fragrant chalice wet,
So my life into yours is set,
Because I love you.

“Only myself, my all, I bring ;
But count it, sweet, a precious thing
To give my life an offering,
Because I love you.

“I bow before no other shrine ;
If I go first across death’s line,
I will return to claim you mine,
Because I love you.”

A SONG.

If I could have the sunsets, dear,

And have you too;

The mellow light of coming night,

And have you too;

If I could have the moonlight, dear,

And have you too;

Its loving face and tender grace,

And have you too;

If I could have the song of birds,

And have you too;

The quiet nook and murmuring brook,

And have you too;

Your sympathy and cheering words,
Like fragrant flowers ;
The daisies sweet, beneath our feet,
In summer hours ;

Then life would be complete for me,
A cloudless day ;
Not wealth nor fame, but one dear name
To bear for aye.

MARBLEHEAD NECK.

THE waves beat idly, with a ceaseless
roar,

And to and fro the seaweed bends to
me,

Kissing the great red rocks along the
shore,

But thou, belovèd, art not here to see.

The sun goes down in glory in the west,
Bathing in crimson every flower and
tree,

The white sails reddens on the ocean's
breast,

But thou, belovèd, art not here to see.

The twilight gathers and the moon rides
high;

I watch its silver track and think of
thee;

God keep thy path as bright from earth
to sky,

When I, belovèd, am not here to see.

A SONG.

ALL the sky is blue above me,
And the leaves with graceful motion
Bend themselves to soothe and love me;
For my heart is on the ocean.

And the moon shines out so clearly,
Tenderly my woe discerning
For the one I love most dearly,
And to whom my heart is turning.

Tell him, stars, my thoughts are o'er him !
Kiss him, winds, in sweet devotion !
Murmur, waves, that I adore him,
That my heart is on the ocean !

Tell him time nor sea can sever
Hearts that into one are blended!
Tell him love is love forever,
After life itself is ended!

MY ROBIN.

WHEN I was a child, beside our door,
In a green and spreading sycamore
There sung each morning, with note as
clear
As a crystal brook, and full of cheer,
A robin.

I watched his plumage in childish glee,
And fancied he sung his song for me;
And the melody lingers in heart and
brain,
Making me often a child again,—
My robin.

I look for his coming in early spring,
When the crocus opens, and maples bring
Their crimson tassels to kiss the breeze,
And the sunshine dallies with new-leaved
trees, —

My robin.

I hear him sing as the sun goes down,
And the stars come out o'er the silent
town ;
But there's never a harsh or mournful
note,
That wells afresh from the warbler's
throat, —

My robin.

And I learn a lesson of hope and cheer
That carries me on from year to year ;
To sing in the shadow as in the sun,
Doing my part till the work is done, —

My robin.

THE COLORING OF THE GRAPES.

DAY by day we watched them taking on
the purple,

Toying with the sunshine in a golden
mist,

Sending out their fragrance with a royal
bounty,

Happy in their beauty simply to exist.

Through the long, dry summer, broad,
green leaves had shaded

Tiny growing clusters from the parching
heat;

Gathering from earth and sky, food and
air and moisture,

Bathing them in evening dew, thus to
make them sweet.

Red and white and purple globes of wondrous texture,

Grown and sealed and colored by no mortal hand ;

Types of peace and plenty — nature's perfect working —

Blessings on the vineyards of our favored land !

ON COLLAMER HILLS.

TREE-COVERED hills, crossed by a deep
ravine ;

Yonder a lake of blue,
Shaded to crimson hue

When rays of sunset bridge the vale be-
tween.

Then stars come out, led by the crescent
moon ;

Afar the city sleeps ;
All night the cricket keeps

Its constant monotone, a plaintive croon.

Then morning breaks on the horizon line ;

The hill-tops are aglow ;

The vineyards purple grow ;

The dew-drops like a million diamonds
shine.

Then all day long the clouds their pictures
trace

On broad and varied sky ;

The weeks slip noiseless by ;

Ah ! life is sweet with nature face to face.

THE BLOOMING TIME.

— — —

WHERE do you hold your fragrance, lilac
buds,

Set in your leaves of green ?
The air is burdened with your rich per-
fume,

Entrancing, yet unseen.

One dreams of music where no word is
sung,

To break the mystic spell ;
The shoreless future murmurs in one's
ear ;
The ocean in the shell.

Nature is vocal with her bursting bloom;
Even the stately trees;
The chestnuts and the oaks in gladness
swing
Their tassels to the breeze.

The elms are covered with their fleecy
tufts,
The new spruce decks the old;
The maples drop their ruby wings upon
The dandelion's gold.

The buttercups lift up their shining
heads,
The earth is full of bliss;
The roses too are budding: God be
praised
For such a world as this!

OUR HORSE-CHESTNUT TREES.

WE have planted on our hillside
Three graceful chestnut trees,
Which will swing their pink-white clusters
To every passing breeze
Long after he who gave them,
And we who love their shade,
Shall be on yonder hillside
Among the silent laid.

Perhaps beneath their branches
Some child will sing at play ;
Perhaps some lover's tale be told
Some golden autumn day,

When the grapes are growing purple,
And the far-off lake is blue,
And two are enough in all the world,—
Forever old, yet new.

And here some man or woman,
White-haired and bent with age,
When the moon comes over the hilltop,
And floods the closing page
Of the book of life, near finished,
May rest in well-earned ease,
And thank his God and the giver
For the noble chestnut trees.

THE TIME TO LOVE.

I WATCHED a youth and maiden by the sea :

The white foam dashed upon the rocks in spray,

As sportive as fair children at their play ;

It kissed her cheek and brow, from care as free

As birds in summer ; smiling tenderly,

He took her hand in his in manly way.

The picture lingered with me many a day :

“ Youth is the time to love,” it said to me.

I watched them later, when the youth
had grown

To man's estate, and little ones were led
By gentle hands; her face with gladness
shone:

"Ah! manhood is the time to love," I
said.

Sweet love! without thee age itself were
lone;

Life and eternity by love are wed.

NOT FOR OURSELVES.

Down to the Nile, with instinct sure and
true,
The Egyptian beetle winds its measured
way ;
There lays its eggs, and in the moistened
clay
Enrolls its treasure ; then, as if it knew
The widening waters to a deluge grew,
Braces its feet, and backward, through
the gray
And slipping sand, to safety bears away
Its still-increasing burden ; and, when
through
With constant labor, dies, content to see
Another life, with all its cares, begun, —

Its joys and hopes, its purposes and
fears.

Not for itself, but for its progeny,
It has unceasing toiled from sun to sun,
And taught its lesson through a thou-
sand years.

HIS MONUMENT.

HE built a house, time laid it in the dust ;
He wrote a book, its title now forgot ;
He ruled a city, but his name is not
On any tablet graven, or where rust
Can gather from disuse, or marble bust.
He took a child from out a wretched cot,
Who on the State dishonor might have
brought,
And reared him in the Christian's hope
and trust.
The boy, to manhood grown, became a light
To many souls, and preached for human
need
The wondrous love of the Omnipotent.

The work has multiplied like stars at night
When darkness deepens; every noble
deed
Lasts longer than a granite monument.

MENCIUS.

THREE centuries before the Christian age,
China's great teacher, Mencius, was
born :

Her teeming millions did not know that
morn

Had broken on her darkness ; that a sage,
Reared by a noble mother, would her page
Of history forevermore adorn.

For twenty years, from court to court,
forlorn

He journeyed, poverty his heritage,
And preached of virtue, but none cared to
hear.

Life seemed a failure, like a barren
rill ;

He wrote his books, and lay beneath
the sod :

When lo ! his work began ; and far and
near

Adown the ages Mencius preaches
still : —

Do thy whole duty, trusting all to
God.

NOW.

FORGET the past and live the present
hour;

Now is the time to work, the time to
fill

The soul with noblest thoughts, the
time to will

Heroic deeds, to use whatever dower
Heaven has bestowed, to test our utmost
power.

Now is the time to love, and, better
still,

To serve our loved ones; over passing
ill

To rise triumphant; thus the perfect
flower

Of life shall come to fruitage; wealth
amass

For grandest giving ere the time be
gone.

Be glad to-day, to-morrow may bring
tears;

Be brave to-day, the darkest night will
pass,

And golden rays will usher in the
dawn;

Who conquers now shall rule the
coming years.

X

“BE WHAT THOU SEEMEST.”

To Tuscany, upon a rocky steep,
To build a home among the beasts of
prey,
St. Francis of Assisi came one day;
And when his weary comrades fell
asleep,
Leaving the saint in agony to weep
Over a sinful world, so prone to
stray,
He preached to birds the true and
living way,
Whose tiny hearts with joy began to
leap.

A peasant came, and meekly reverent
stood :

"Art thou St. Francis of Assisi?"
 "Yes."

"Ah, then, take heed, and be in truth
as good

As all men count thee, lest their faith
grow less;

Be what thou seemest, without vain
deceit."

St. Francis knelt and kissed the peasant's feet.

AT TWILIGHT.

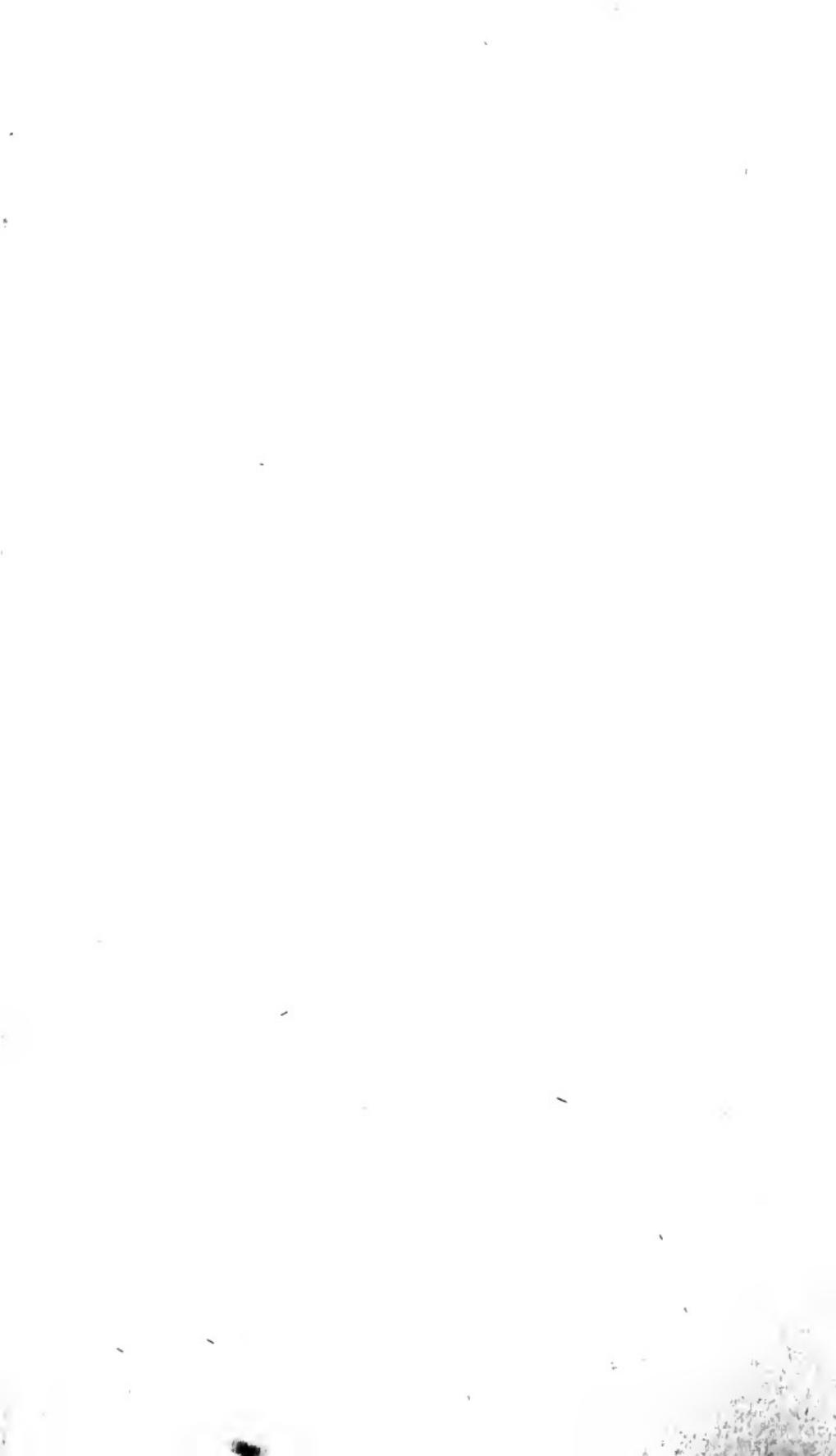
I STOOD at twilight by the shimmering
lake,
And watched the shadowy, autumn-
tinted leaves,
Inverted, swaying in the evening
breeze,
And the red tower above the boat-house
make
A picture that no future years can take
From out my memory; shadows such
as these—
The beautiful unreal — make oases
In every earnest life: we dream and
wake

To nobler duties from such times of rest:
Earth seems a paradise reflecting
heaven;
Love floods the soul with colors richer
far
Than even nature in the glowing west;
The hopes of youth come back; new
strength is given,
As through the twilight breaks the
evening star.

DO YOUR WORK EARLY.

BESIDE my window, in the early spring,
A robin built her nest and reared her
young;
And every day the same sweet song she
sung
Until her little ones had taken wing
To try their own bird-living; everything
Was done before the summer roses hung
About our home, or purple clusters
swung
Upon our vines at autumn's opening.
Do your work early in the day or year,
Be it a song to sing, or word to cheer,

Or house to build, or gift to bless the
race ;
Life may not reach its noon, or setting
sun ;
No one can do the work you leave
undone,
For no one ever fills another's place.





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